

LAURENCE REDINGTON SPORTING EDITOR



THE TRUTH ABOUT SPORT
IS NEVER A KNOCK

DR. FRED IRWIN HILO TENNIS FAVORITE

Picked to Win the Champion
ship Tournament Now in
Progress—Dick Young Can't
Do Himself Justice

[Special Star-Bulletin Correspondence.]
HILO, August 26.—The annual tennis tournament of the Hilo Tennis Club is arousing the greatest interest here and last Saturday afternoon a record crowd turned out to witness the games. Some interesting tennis has been played and some very good matches are still to be played.

One of the most disappointing features of the tournament was the failure of Dick Young, of Honolulu, to make good. Young was thought to have a very good chance in the singles but when he went up against Alvah A. Scott he was a sick man and could not play a game. He thought that he would have to default if he did not put in an appearance and got up from a sick bed to play. The consequence was that when he got on the courts it was all he could do to stand up, let alone play tennis.

At the present time it looks as though Dr. Fred Irwin, George Willson and Alvah A. Scott have the best chance in the singles. Mrs. Vicens looks as though she would pull off the ladies' singles and Mrs. Patten and Scott are favorites for the mixed doubles. In the men's doubles Scott and Irwin still hold the position of favorites.



BY
Redington

IF THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE OF the Hawaii Yacht Club, commissioned to unearth some likely presidential material, is still on the hunt, what's the matter with W. C. Wilder for that high office?

If ever there was a case of the office seeking the man, then Chan Wilder is much sought after, and for the good of the sport he should be prevailed upon to accept the presidency of the Hawaii Yacht Club. There never was a time in Honolulu's yachting history when it was of such vital importance as at present to have at the head of affairs a man with the time and the inclination to give the sport an impetus in the right direction.

First of all, there is the matter of quarters to be looked into. It is rather late in the yachting season to make elaborate changes for the present year, but the game will never be a real go here until the yacht owners can have an objective point for their cruises, and a place to spend a weekend now and again. With a sheet of water as magnificent as Pearl Harbor, and within such easy reach of Honolulu, it is little short of a crime that the Hawaii Yacht Club hasn't a comfortable house there, which would offer attractions to the members.

"If we had any such place as Pearl Harbor in the vicinity of the South Coast Yacht Club's headquarters you couldn't build a clubhouse large enough to accommodate the membership," said Commodore Warren D. Wood of the South Coast Yacht Club the other day, speaking of the yachting possibilities of Honolulu. "Then, again, there are the other islands within distance for longer trips, and, altogether, the place is ideal for the sport. I can't imagine why more isn't done here on the water. I only wish we had half the opportunities in California."

ANOTHER IMPORTANT QUESTION for the incoming president to take up is that of finances. Yachting can't be run on a shoestring, but, at the same time, there are enough advantages to be gained by membership in the Hawaii Yacht Club—providing, of course, that it has an adequate home of its own—to tempt a large number of members who, although they might not actually own a square foot of canvas at the present time, would be glad to join for the outdoor advantages of a Pearl Harbor club. These non-yachting members would soon become jealous of their more fortunate companions, and get into the game for themselves.

Another suggestion that has been made is that a number of life memberships at \$100 be solicited, for ten of these would put the club on the right side of the ledger and pay up all the extra expenses of the last transpacific race.

Finnish Distance Runner Submits To Agonizing Training Methods

By HOWARD VALENTINE.

One of the most interesting figures in the Olympic games this year was Hannes Kolehmainen, the invincible distance runner, who carried the colors of Finland to victory in the long-distance events in the Swedish Stadium. Kolehmainen is without doubt the greatest distance man the world has seen since Alfie Shrubbs was at his best, and many assert without fear of contradiction that the little Finn is a faster man than Shrubbs ever was.

Kolehmainen was almost unheard of until a summer ago, when he went to England for the British championships and stood the best of the Britons on their heads in the four-mile race. At that time the English sporting writers predicted well that Kolehmainen would sweep the boards in the distance events at Stockholm. The young Finnander is a "made" runner, in fact. The methods that his trainers use to keep his muscles supple are, to say the least, unique. Kolehmainen, to begin with, lives in a single room with his masseur during the training season, and the largest part of his training consists of steam baths and violent massage. After the Finnish champion takes his daily run he is brought into his training room and laid out on a wooden bench, which is built about five feet from the floor. Kolehmainen lies on his back, with his legs pointing upward from the hips. About two feet under the bench on which the runner lies is a large piece of sheet metal about 4 by 6 feet. On this are about 200 small stones, just thrown about carelessly. Under the metal sheet a hot fire is built. Kolehmainen stays on his bench above the fire in the meantime, and gets into a furious perspiration.

When the small stones resting on the metal sheet become quite hot Kolehmainen's trainer pours small quantities of water over them, causing steam to arise and soak through the runner's muscles. This is continued for a space of twenty minutes. The Finnish champion is then grabbed off of his bench and given the stiffest kind of massage treatment from head to foot.

Muscle-Pulling Stunt.
Kolehmainen's trainer tells me that every muscle in the Finnander's legs is pulled away from the bone so that it is held by the merest membrane. At times when this muscle-pulling stunt is being done Kolehmainen screams with pain, but he has never quit under the punishment. The idea of pulling the leg muscles away from the bone is to lessen the resistance when the muscles are in action. Fine tissues that bind the ordinary muscle to the bones, in Kolehmainen's case, are entirely free, and this, of course, makes the action of the muscles much easier on the runner.

In support of this tale about the great little Finn's leg muscles the Kolehmainen's trainer let the writer examine Hannes' thigh muscles—the thickest in the runner's legs. They were as soft as velvet, and one could grasp the tendons and pull them clear of the bone without causing a change of expression on Kolehmainen's face. Again, it was easy to poke a finger against each side of the Finnish runner.

BASEBALL SCOUT GREAT PERSONAGE

A man sat on the topmost tier of the grand-stand at Columbia, South Carolina. The upper rows of the structure being vacant, he perched there in strange isolation, all unmindful of the clamorous fans below him. At times he drew a gilt-leafed memorandum book from his pocket, made some notes, replaced it, and resumed his steady scrutiny of the field. There Atlanta and Columbia of the Southern League were playing. The score was close; it was lively baseball; yet the man never became enthusiastic. Only when Atlanta's slender, blond-haired outfielder swaggered to bat, danced about the base lines or swept cross lots, pulling down high-hit balls, did the man appear interested. Then the little note-book would appear again, and as quickly vanish. Inings passed, and when the little young outfielder, had stolen his fourth base a 1-4 of satisfaction came into the man's face. Later he left the grounds as quietly as he had come.

That night a message went over the wires from Columbia to the headquarters of the American League Baseball Club in Detroit, Michigan. The message read: "Transfer your option on Pitcher Cicotte of Augusta to Outfielder Cobb of the same club." And Detroit did, for the sender of the message was the mysterious man of the grand-stand—a major league scout.

That is how Tyrus Raymond Cobb, called "the greatest player that the game has ever seen," was discovered.—Edward Lyell Fox, in Harper's Weekly.

ner's leg, and, avoiding the bone, feel the two fingers meet, with the great runner's sinews protruding high and far away from the bone.

Particular notice was taken of what Kolehmainen's trainers did with him directly after he finished his hard races, and right here let it be told that the little Finn ran five killing races in as many hot days, varying in distance from 3000 meters to 10,000 meters, and in the last he was as fresh as in the first. After Kolehmainen had defeated Boutin by 1 foot in their record 10,000-meter match, I saw him in the dressing rooms. After being stripped, Kolehmainen was laid on a rubbing table and gone over with olive oil from head to foot. This operation took about 20 minutes. Then he was rubbed dry and put into a suit of underwear that looked just like linen mesh. While clad thusly the little Finn was massaged violently about the abdomen—so hard, in fact, that his face clearly showed that the sensation was anything but pleasant. The rubbers put all their strength into forcing the runner's "stomach" first down and then up. After the operation was over, Kolehmainen hopped up and looked fit to go out for another hard grind on the track.

George Bonhag, the American champion, was much interested in the manner in which Kolehmainen was trained and rubbed. George wanted to try one of those steam baths the worst way, but Kolehmainen's trainer answered the request: "We would be delighted to accommodate you, my dear Mr. Bonhag, but I would strongly urge you to defer it until you are through competing. Even as used as he is to these baths, Hannes often cries out in distress when we get at his muscles." George said he guessed he would wait.

May Ruin Health.

The question that is uppermost in the minds of American athletic followers who have looked over Kolehmainen is: What is going to become of Kolehmainen when he stops running? What condition will his legs be in after he quits the cinder path, with his muscles pulled by main strength away from their natural positions? The general answer is that Kolehmainen is taking a big chance of ruining his future health for the sake of a few short seasons of athletic fame. He is doing a most unnatural thing, a thing for which he may have to pay dearly later in his life.

Kolehmainen's friends declare that after this summer he will turn professional, and like all the rest of the European distance men who have left the amateur ranks in search of gold, go to America. European runners, like the poor folk over here, have an idea that because Americans who tour Europe are free with their money, it is the easiest thing in the world to become rich in "the States." If Kolehmainen but knew the near-starving condition of the professional runners in America, he would remain an amateur in name at least. Kolehmainen spends all of his time in running. He is crazy for the sport, and in order to follow it to the limit, he does not engage in any business pursuit.

AMERICA NOT IN DAVIS CUP.

America is going to default in its challenge for the Davis international lawn tennis cup this year. The committee from the United States National Lawn Tennis Association, which has been searching for players to meet the English team, the winners to go to Australia, has been unable to get a team of first-class players to take the trip. M. E. McLoughlin would like to go, but business will prevent, and the same is true of William J. Clothier, Raymond D. Little, Karl H. Behr, and others, while William A. Larned, mindful of his sufferings from rheumatism in the trip last year, is not willing to make the journey again. R. D. Wrehn, president of the association, has already cabled to London and Sydney that there is little prospect of sending a team.

There might be a preliminary match at least, provided the English team, which beat France in the first preliminary tie, would come to America to play, as has been the case in the last two challenges, but England naturally thinks that it is time the American team played in England, and the wishes of the British Association seem to be well justified. England has decided to send a team to Australia in any event, and has suggested that if the Americans do not want to go to England, they might go to Australia and play the preliminary tie there. The indisposition of the American players to do this, however, will, in all probability, prevent participation this year. The same troubles may not arise next year, for England is sending so strong a team to meet Australia that the cup may be taken back to that side of the world, in which case it will not be so difficult to find competitors.

A Roosevelt flag made of bandanna handkerchiefs has been unfurled to the breeze at Pittsfield, N. H.

M'LOUGHLIN'S AMBITION IS NOW REALIZED

California Player Has Been
Working for Years to Win the
National Lawn Tennis Singles
Championship—Larned
Stepped Down Just in
Time



Maurice E. McLoughlin, who yesterday won the highest honor of American lawn tennis, the national singles championship, is a modest chap, not given to talking about himself and his doings. But he has many friends in Honolulu, to whom he spoke freely of his little hopes when he was here last February on the return trip from Australia.

McLOUGHLIN, in fact, his greatest ambition along the lines of sport was to win the national title, and it is a matter of sincere gratification to Honolulu tennis enthusiasts that he has succeeded in doing so this year. Not only has McLoughlin swept down all opposition in the national singles, but he has cleaned up in several other big tournaments, and, partnered with Tom Bundy of Los Angeles, has won the national doubles as well. Truly a marvelous record, and one that reflects credit on the tennis standards of the entire Pacific Coast, for it will be remembered that in the doubles played at Santa Cruz two months ago, when McLoughlin and Bundy won the Pacific Coast title and the right to play in the sectional elimination matches at Chicago, they had to play five of the hardest sets of their career to defeat the youngsters Johnson and Potrell in the finals. That they did so, was one of the fortunate occurrences of the year, for the latter pair, with no experience in the big eastern tournaments, would have stood little chance of defeating Little and Touchard in the challenge round.

Larned Retired.

Evidently W. A. Larned did not play in the Newport tournament. Cable reports of the games have been very meager, but if the former champion had been put out in one of the earlier rounds, his name would surely have found its way onto the wires. When he was in Honolulu last winter Larned told the writer that it was doubtful whether he would play during the coming season. His rheumatism had bothered him considerably in Australia, and he was feeling far from fit.

Then came the change in the rules, which decreed that the title-holder must play right through the tournament, and Larned probably saw the writing on the wall. He stepped down and out with colors flying, and with a record which may never be duplicated, unless McLoughlin himself can win another national event nineteen years after his present success, and hold the title nine times in between. With the national singles and doubles titles, the Longwood cup, the New York State championship, and a few other titles tacked on, McLoughlin will come back to California after the most successful tennis campaign ever made by a player in the "enemy's" country.

KILLS TROUT WITH
DRIVEN GOLF BALL.

CHICOPEE FALLS (Mass.).—Here is a fish story that is sworn to, and better than that, there is a fish to substantiate the yarn.

J. S. Hunt, Postmaster of Worcester, killed a yearling trout with a golf ball. The accident happened while he was playing a match with H. A. Morse, and driving for the seventh hole. The ball veered and struck in a famous trout stream that runs through the links. Hunt picked up the fish when he went to recover the ball. The fish will be mounted.

FRANK HALSTEAD WINS THE HALEIWA TROPHY

In the play-off of the tie between Oscar Cox and Frank Halstead, made in the Haleiwa tournament Sunday, the latter won. The match was played yesterday morning, Halstead taking the match at the last hole, 1 up. This gives him the trophy put up by the hotel management, while Cox gets the prize for best gross score, and also the second prize for the handicap competition.

Statistics show that fat men are rarely criminals.

Indian Ball Players Not "Wild" Enough to Suit Their Manager

By W. A. PHELON.

"Doc" Washburn—peace be with his soul—was a great showman and a baseball fan of high degree. If Doc had ever been offered his choice of a ball club or a circus as a gift the good fellow would have been completely puzzled which to choose. He loved both circuses and ball clubs to distraction, and he died happy when he had heard about his pet club winning the championship of the world.

Some few years ago Doc Washburn's circus—he owned one at the time—was playing the New England towns and Doc decided that a wild west annex would go well with the show. He began working wires and in a few days an agent at Omaha notified him that a band of the wildest, fiercest red men ever collected would join him at New Haven. They were terrorists of the plains, the agent said; scalpings and demons of the furious kind and—so the letter read—veritable nuts on baseball. "Baseball," wrote the agent, "has invaded all the reservations; the Indians all play the game and you can make an added attraction out of the braves by matching them against the best teams wherever you may be travelling."

Doc Washburn was delighted. He went straightway forth and secured a game with one of the biggest clubs at Boston, where the circus was next to show, and his press agent got busy billing the battle. The Indians arrived at New Haven on scheduled time and were certainly a gorgeous gang. Blanketed and painted, their long hair down their backs in ribboned braids, scalpings and tomahawks in belts, rifles at their sides, they were as devilish a troop of red bandits as ever chased a stage coach or ambushed a jonesome cowboy.

The doc, highly pleased, tried them out in war dances and Indian tomfoolery. They were highly proficient—the real thing all the way. Then, taking them over on a vacant lot, he tried them out in baseball practice. With their braids flying and their feathers dancing the warriors chased the bounding leather, showing themselves as clever as so many big

RADICAL CHANGES IN GOLF CODE

Penalty of Lost Hole for Lost
Ball in Match Play May Be
Modified to Loss of Stroke
and Distance

The Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, Scotland, the government body in golf in Great Britain, gave the rules committee permission in May to submit certain suggested alterations in the rules of the game, and the committee proposals were submitted two weeks ago.

Perhaps the most important are those concerning "lost ball" and "ball out of bounds." Under the present rule 21, the penalty in match-play for a lost ball is the loss of a hole. For this it is proposed to substitute a penalty of stroke and distance. In regard to "out of bounds," the current penalty for which is loss of distance only, the committee suggest that the punishment be increased to loss of stroke and distance. If this cannot be agreed, they recommend that the penalty be left to local rule. In a note the committee intimate that it appears impossible to obtain agreement of golfing opinion on the subject of a suitable penalty for a ball which is "out of bounds." The conditions under which the penalty is incurred vary greatly. They are of opinion that the penalty should be stroke and distance, unless modified by local rule.

In the definition of a hazard the committee proposed to delete "rubbish," inasmuch as they are hard to define, and leave them to be legislated for, like trees, hedges, fixed seats, fences, gates, railways, and walls, by local rule. They also suggest that a club may make a local rule for grassy hollows, and with that tend in view the words "unless excepted by local rule" are played after the definition of a ditch as a hazard.

The following new definition is proposed: "An umpire decides questions of fact; a referee decides questions of golfing law." The wording of Rule 2 is improved without altering the meaning of the rule. The following addition to Rule 4 is recommended: "A player is entitled at any time during the play of a hole to ascertain from his opponent the number of strokes the latter has played; if the opponent gives wrong information as to the number of strokes he has played, he shall lose the hole, unless he corrects his mistake before the player has played another stroke."

It is suggested that Rule 18 be altered to read as follows: "If a player's ball when in motion be interfered with in any way by an opponent or his caddy, the opponent's side shall lose a hole. If a player's ball when at rest be moved by an op-

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LABOR DAY RACES WILL LAST ALL DAY

Polo Pony Event Stirs Up In-
terest, and Five Entries Have
Already been Made—Special
Event for Cavalry Chargers

Judge Arthur Wilder and Arthur Rice have been added to the sportsman's committee that is making the Labor Day race meeting at Kapiolani Park an assured success. R. W. Shingle is chairman of the committee, and a meeting of the members will be held this afternoon at his office, at 3 o'clock.

What promises to be one of the most interesting events on a long and varied program is the race for polo ponies, gentleman riders up. The polo contingent is taking a keen interest in this race, and there are half a dozen entries assured. Yesterday it was decided to reduce the distance free three-eighths to a quarter, so as to give the ponies a more even break. Some of those entered have had practically no training, and with 165 pounds to pack, condition would count for a good deal over the three-furlong distance.

Ponies that have been entered to date are Stumpy, Walter Dillingham, Rosina, H. G. Dillingham, Rosina, R. W. Shingle, Akbar, Arthur Rice, Billy, Lieut. Andrews. There is the prospect of several entries from Schofield Barracks as well, although the polo players there haven't made any nominations as yet. Probably all of the above entries will be ridden by their owners, although Walter Dillingham and Bob Shingle will be giving away weight.

Arthur Jones is drumming up interest in a cowboy race, or, rather, several of them, which will be put on the program. They will, however, be more definitely arranged than was the case in the Fourth of July race meeting, so that the confusion on the track which attended them will be avoided.

Another interesting feature will be a race for cavalymen, which is being worked up at Schofield.

The program is now so extended that it has been decided to make a whole day of it, starting the meeting at 10 a. m. and continuing until dark, if necessary.

The open running races promise to provide some close finishes. Of the gallopers, speedy Dora D., winner of two races on the Fourth, is in good shape, and looks ready to repeat her performance.

"Griff played under me years ago," said Anson. "He is a born leader and his handling of the Washington team, heretofore a contender for stellar championships, has been remarkable. The Washington team is the sensation of the baseball world this year. I consider Walter Johnson a wonder and he has an able assistant in Bob Groom."

Adrian C. Anson, famed for years as a baseball player, winning several championships for the Chicago Nationals, says that either Boston or Washington will win the American League pennant.

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